
T H E
Y O U N G O R A T O R .

Containing a COLLECTION of
LESSONS in ELOCUTION.

Y

I

I

T H E
YOUNG ORATOR.
CONTAINING A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
LESSONS in ELOCUTION,

TAKEN FROM THE BEST
ENGLISH and FRENCH WRITERS.

Selected for the Use of
Loughborough-House School.

Oratory, or the Art of Speaking well, is useful in every Part of Life, and absolutely necessary in most.—A Man can make no Figure without it, in PARLIAMENT, in the CHURCH, or in the Law, &c.

Lord CHESTERFIELD to his Son.

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. HINDMARSH, No. 32, Clerkenwell-Clofe.

M. DCC. LXXXIII.

NO. 1000
JIC. 1000



Y

L

fr

A

A

L

T O T H E
Y O U N G N O B L E M E N
A N D
G E N T L E M E N,

Receiving their Education at

Loughborough-House School,

THIS COLLECTION,

Made with a View to assist you in acquiring the
first Principles of that most useful and desirable
Accomplishment,——

A JUST and GRACEFUL ELOCUTION,

IS VERY RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED and DEVOTED,

By

Your affectionate Friend,

R. TURNER.

Loughborough-House,
1783.

A

I

II

I

th

a

v

c

n

v

i

l

v

INTRODUCTION.

In Reading and Speaking with Propriety and Elegance, the following RULES will be useful.

I. *LET not your Voice be too loud, nor too low.*

To accomplish this great point, consider whether your voice be naturally too low, or too loud; and correct it accordingly in your ordinary conversation. If it be too low, read aloud in the open air, and with all the exertion you can command, preserving the body in an erect attitude while you are speaking.—In reading, or speaking, inure yourself to draw in as much air as your lungs can contain with ease, and to expel it with vehemence.

II. *Avoid a thick, hasty, cluttering Voice.*

To cure these defects, accustom yourself, both in conversation and reading, to pronounce every word *distinct* and *clear*. Observe with what deliberation some converse and read, and how full a sound they give to every word; and imitate them.

Learn to speak SLOW : all other graces
Will soon supply their proper places.

III. *Be particularly careful not to read or speak too quick.*

To break a habit of reading or speaking too fast, attend diligently to the sense, weight, and propriety of every sentence, and every emphatical word in it. The ease and advantage that will arise both to the reader and to the hearer, by a free, full, and deliberate pronounciation, is hardly to be imagined.

A too slow elocution is a fault so rarely met with, that I need not give rules to avoid it.

IV. *Study to avoid that great and common fault, reading or speaking with a Tone.*

To avoid this, which is always disgusting to persons of delicacy and judgment, the only rule is, endeavour to speak with the same ease and freedom, as you would do on the same subject in private conversation.

V. *Have a particular care to your Pauses, Emphasis, and Cadence.*

Pauses can only be regulated by a careful attention to the sense and importance of the subject.

When

When we distinguish any particular syllable in a word with a strong voice, it is called *Accent*: when we thus distinguish any particular word in a sentence, it is called *Emphasis*; for which it is impossible any absolute rule should be given, only that the reader should be perfectly acquainted with the exact construction and full meaning of every sentence which he recites. The voice must express, as near as may be, the sense designed to be conveyed by the emphatic word; by a strong, rough, and violent, or a smooth, soft, and tender sound. Thus the different passions of the mind are to be expressed by a different sound, or tone of voice: LOVE, by a soft, smooth, languishing voice: ANGER, by a strong, vehement, and elevated voice: JOY, by a quick, sweet, and clear voice: SORROW, by a low, flexibly interrupted voice: FEAR, by a dejected, tremulous, hesitating voice: COURAGE hath a full, bold, and loud voice: and PERPLEXITY, a grave, steady, and earnest one.—Briefly, in EXORDIUMS the voice should be low: in NARRATIONS, distinct: in REASONING, slow: in PERSUASION, strong. It should thunder in ANGER, soften in SORROW, tremble in FEAR, and melt in LOVE.

Cadence is a dropping of the voice, which generally

nerally takes place at the end of a sentence, unless it closes with an emphatical word; and which, if properly managed, is very musical.

RULES for expressing some of the principal PASSIONS, &c.

DEMONSTRATION—must be expressed by the right arm stretched forward to the full extent, the fingers even, and the palm of the hand downwards; or sometimes the hand turned sideways, the fore-finger only pointing.

GRIEF.—The right hand laid slowly to the left breast, the head and chest bending forward: if excessive, it is attended with weeping, stamping with the feet, lifting the eyes from time to time to heaven, &c.

CONFIDENCE, RESOLUTION, and COURAGE.—The right hand moved to the left breast, but with quickness and vigour, recoiling as it were from the heart, which thereby seems to meet it: with this action the head should be thrown back, and the chest forward. The accents are strong, full-mouthed, and articulate; the voice firm and even.

ARDENT AFFECTION.—Close both hands warmly at half arm's length, the fingers intermingling; and bring them to the breast with spirit.

FEAR.

FEAR.—Draw back the elbows parallel with the sides: lift up the open hands, joining the fingers together, to the height of the breast, as if the palms faced the dreaded object, as shields opposed against it. Draw one foot back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The voice must be weak and trembling.

ADMIRATION.—The eyes now and then raised towards heaven, the hands lifted up, the tone of the voice rapturous.

VENERATION.—Bend a little forward, spread out the arms, but modestly, as high as the breast; the hands open: raise the head a little, and lift up the eye, but immediately cast it down again. The tone of the voice submissive, timid, suppliant, &c.

To these it may not be unnecessary to add the following general observations on the motion of the hands.

1. The left hand should never be used alone, unless to attend the motion of the head and eyes in an address to the audience on the left side.
2. The right hand may be often used alone.
3. When you speak of the body, you may point to it with the middle finger of your right hand.

4. When

4. When you speak of your soul, or conscience, you may lay your right hand gently on your breast.

5. In deliberate proof or argumentation, no action is more proper or natural, than gently to lay the first finger of the right hand on the palm of the left.

6. The motion of the hand should always correspond with those of the head and eyes; as *THEY* should with the passions expressed.

The above are some of the many instances, in which action may be graceful. Nothing would be easier, than to draw up a more comprehensive System of Rules, on that head, than any extant: but this would be a work of more ostentation than use: for, after all, "natural sense and natural taste, a good ear, and well formed organs of speech, under the guidance of a skilful living instructor, will effectually accomplish this purpose, without any painful attention to dry and unentertaining rules of Art; to rules which often give an appearance of difficulty to pursuits, in themselves easy and pleasant."* Let the great rule then be, FOLLOW NATURE, AND AVOID AFFECTATION.

* Knox.

E A S Y
L E S S O N S

FOR THE EXERCISE OF

The Young Orator.

LESSON I.

An ODE on the HEAVENLY BODIES.

[ADDISON.]

I.

* **T**HE *spacious firmament on high,*
With all the *blue ethereal sky,*
And *spangled heavens, a shining frame,*
Their *great Original* proclaim:
Th' *unwearied sun* from day to day
Does his *Creator's* power display,
And *publishes* to every land
† The *work* of an *almighty hand.*

B

II. Soon

* *Admiration.*

† *Veneration.*

II.

* Soon as the *evening shades* prevail,
 The *moon* takes up the *wond'rous tale*,
 And *nightly* to the *list'ning earth*
Repeats the *story* of her *birth* :
 Whilst *all* the *stars* that *round* her *burn*,
 And *all* the *planets* in their *turn*,
Confirm the *tidings* as they *roll*,
 And *spread* the *truth* from *pole* to *pole*.

III.

* *What* though in *solemn silence* all
 Move *round* the dark *terrestrial ball* !
 What though no *REAL voice* nor *sound*
 Amid their *radiant orbs* be found !
 In *reason's ear* they *all rejoice*,
 And utter forth a *glorious voice* ;
 For *ever* *jinging* as they *shine*,
 † “ The *hand* that *made us* is *divine* ! ”

* *Admiration.*† *Veneration.*

L E S S O N II.

The Parting of HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

[POPE'S Homer's Iliad.]

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without
delay ;

* *Swift* thro' the town he took his former way,
Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state ;
And met the *mourner* at the Scæan gate.
With *haste* to meet him *sprung* the joyful fair,
His blameless *wife*, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest,
His *only hope* hung *smiling* at her breast ;
Whom each *soft charm* and *early grace* adorn,
Fair as the new-born *star* that *gilds* the morn.
Silent the warrior *smil'd*, and, pleas'd, resign'd
To *tender passions* all his *mighty mind*.
His beauteous princess cast a *mournful look*,
Hung on his *hand*, and then *dejected* spoke :
Her bosom *labour'd* with a *boding sigh*,
And the big *tear* stood *trembling* in her eye.
† “ *Too daring* prince !—*ah ! whither* dost thou run ?
“ *Ah ! too forgetful* of thy *wife* and *son* !

B. 2

“ And

* Haste.

† Complaint with Affection.

" Let me be *foremost* to defend the throne,
 " And guard my father's glories, and my own.
 " * Yet *come* it will! the day decreed by fates!
 " (How my heart trembles, while my tongue re-
 " *lates*!)
 " The day when *thou*, imperial *Troy*! must bend;
 " Must see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 " † And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 " My mother's death,—the ruin of my kind,
 " Not *Priam's* hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 " Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 " As *thine*, *Andromache*!—thy griefs I dread!
 " I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
 " In *Argive* looms our battles to design,
 " And woes, of which so large a part was *thine*.
 " There while you groan beneath the load of life,
 " They cry,"——‡ " Behold the mighty *Hector's*
 " *wife*!"
 " Some *haughty Greek*, who lives thy tears to see,
 " Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 " § The thoughts of *glory past*, and *present shame*,
 " A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
 " May

● Apprehension.

† Grief with Affection.

‡ Insult.

§ Pity and Affection.

“ May I lie *cold* before that *dreadful* day,
 “ Press’d with a load of *monumental* clay!
 “ Thy Hector. wrapt in *everlasting* sleep,
 “ Shall neither *bear* thee *sigh*, nor *see* thee *weep*.”

* Thus having spoke, th’ *illustrious* chief of Troy
 Stretch’d his fond arms, to *clasp* the *lovely* boy.
 † The *babe* clung *crying*, to his nurse’s breast,
 Scar’d at the *dazzling* helm, and *nodding* crest.
 With secret *pleasure* each *fond* parent *smil’d*,
 And Hector *hasted* to *relieve* his child;
 The *glitt’ring* terrors from his brows *unbound*,
 And plac’d the *beaming* helmet on the ground;
 Then *kiss’d* the *child*, and *lifting* high in air,
 Thus to the *gods* preferr’d a *father’s* prayer.

‡ “ O THOU!—whose *glory* fills th’ *ethereal*
 “ *throne*,

“ And all ye *deathless* pow’rs!—*protect* my son!
 “ Grant him, like me, to *purchase* just *renown*,
 “ To *guard* the *Trojans*, and *defend* the *crown*;
 “ Against his *country’s* foes the war to wage,
 “ And rise the HECTOR of the *future* age!
 “ So, when *triumphant* from *successful* toils,
 “ Of *heroes* slain he bears the *recking* spoils,

“ Whole

* Narrative.

† Tenderness.

‡ Intercession.—See Veneration.

“ Whole *hosts* may hail him with *deserv'd* acclaim,
 “ And say.”—“ This chief transcends his *father's*
 “ fame:”

“ While, *pleas'd* amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 “ His *mother's* conscious heart o'erflows with joy.”

He spoke, and * fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the *pleasing* burthen to her arms :
 Soft on her fragrant *breast* the *babe* she laid,
 Husb'd to repose, and with a *smile* survey'd ;
 The troubled pleasure soon *chastis'd* by fear,
 She mingled with the *smile* a tender tear.

The *soften'd* chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dry'd the falling drops and thus pursu'd :

“ *Andromache!* my soul's far better part!

“ With what *untimely* sorrows heaves thy heart ?

“ No *hostile* hand can antedate my doom,

“ Till fate condemns me to the *silent* tomb.

“ *Fix'd* is the *term* of all the race of earth,

“ And *such* the *hard* condition of our birth ;

“ No force can then resist, no flight can save,

“ All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

“ No more ;—but hasten to thy *tasks* at home ;

“ There guide the *spindle*, and direct the *loom*.

“ ME glory summons to the *martial* scene ;

“ † The *field* of combat is the *sphere* for men.

“ Where

* Tendernefs.

† Courage.

"Where *heroes war*, the *foremost place I claim*;
 "The *first in danger*, as the *first in fame*."

* Thus having said, the *glorious chief resumes*
 His *tow'ry helmet black with shading plumes*.
 His princess parts with a *prophetic sigh*,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
 That *stream'd at ev'ry look*; then *moving slow*,
 Sought her own palace, and *indulg'd her woe*.
 † There while her *tears* deplor'd the *godlike man*,
 Thro' all her train the *soft infection* ran;
 The *pious maids* their *mingled sorrows* shed,
 And *mourn the living Hector* as the *dead*.

• Narrative.

† Grief.

L E S S O N III.

CATO's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the
 Soul.

[ADDISON.]

* I *must* be so: — PLATO, thou *reason'st*
well: —

Else whence this *pleasing hope*, this *fond desire*,
 This

* Deep Contemplation.

This *longing* after IMMORTALITY?
 Or whence this *secret dread*, and *inward horror*,
 Of *falling* into *nought*?—* Why *shrinks* the *soul*
 Back on *herself*, and *startles* at *destruction*?—
 † 'Tis the DIVINITY that *stirs within* us;
 'Tis *heav'n itself* that *points out* an *hereafter*,
 And *intimates eternity* to man.
 ETERNITY!—thou ‡ *pleasing*,—§ *dreadful thought*!
 Thro' what *variety* of *untry'd being*,
 Thro' what *new scenes* and *changes* must we *pass*?
 The *wide*, th' *unbounded prospect* lies before me:
 But *shadows*, *clouds*, and *darkness*, *rest* upon it.
 || Here *will I hold*.—† If there's a *Pow'r above* us,
 (And *that there is*, all *nature* cries aloud
 Thro' *all her works*)—he *must delight* in *virtue*;
 ‡ And *that* which HE *delights in*, *must be happy*.
 ¶ But *when!*—or *where!*—this *world* was made
 for *Cæsar*.

I'm *weary* of *conjectures*;—|| *this must end them*.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I *doubly arm'd*:—my *death* and *life*,
 My *bane* and *antidote*, are *both* before me:
This—in a *moment*, brings me to an *end*;
 But *this* informs me, I shall *never die*.

C

The

* Fear.

† Veneration.

‡ Satisfaction.

§ Apprehension.

|| Courage.

¶ Anxiety.

The * *soul*, secur'd in her *existence*, smiles
 At the *drawn dagger*, and *defies* its point.
 The † *stars* shall *fade away*, the *sun himself*
 Grow *dim* with *age*, and *nature* sink in *years*;
 But * *thou* shalt *flourish* in *immortal youth*,
Unhurt amidst the *war of elements*,
 The *wreck* of *matter*, and the *crush* of *worlds*.

* Right hand laid upon the breast.

† Raise the eye towards heaven.

L E S S O N IV.

HAMLET'S Soliloquy on DEATH.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

* **T**O BE—or *not to be?*—that is the *question*;
 Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind to *suffer*
 The *slings* and *arrows* of *outrageous fortune*;
 † Or to take *arms* against a *host* of *troubles*,
 And, by *opposing*, *end* them.--‡ But to *die!*—
 To *sleep!*—*No more* ;—and by a *sleep* to *end*
 The *heart-ach*, and the *thousand natural shocks*,
 That *flesh* is *heir* to ;—'tis a *consummation*

Devoutly

* Anxiety.

† Courage.

‡ Deep thought.

* *Devoutly* to be wish'd.—To die—to sleep—
To sleep—† perchance to dream—a startling
thought! —

For in that *sleep* of *death* what *dreams* may come,
When we have *shuffled off* this *mortal coil*,
Must give us *pause*.——There's the *respect*
That makes *calamity* of so *long life*.

For *who* would bear the *whips* and *scorns* of *time*,
Th' *oppressor's wrong*, the *proud man's contumely*,
The *pangs* of *love despis'd*, the *law's delay*,
The *insolence* of *office*, and the *spurns*
That *patient merit* of th' *unworthy* takes;
When he *himself* might his *quietus* make
With a *bare bodkin*? Who would *bend* to *earth*,
And *groan* and *sweat* under a *weary life*?

‡ But that the *dread* of *something after death*,
(That *undiscover'd country*, from whose *bourne* §
No traveller returns) *puzzles the will*,
And makes us rather *bear* those *ills we have*,
Than *fly* to *others* that we *know not of*?
Thus *conscience* does make *cowards* of us all;
And thus the *native hue* of *resolution*

C 2

Is

* Raise the eye earnestly to heaven.

† Apprehension.

‡ Fear.

§ Bourne means border or coast.

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprizes of great birth and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.

L E S S O N V.

Æneas describes the Sack of Troy to
 Queen Dido.

[Altered from DRYDEN'S Virgil.]

* ALL were *attentive* to the *godlike* man,
 When from his lofty couch he thus *began*.
 † GREAT QUEEN! what you command me to
 relate,
 Renews the ‡ *sad remembrance* of our *fate*;
 An *empire* from its old *foundations rent*,
 And *ev'ry woe* the Trojans *underwent*;
 A *pop'lous city* made a *desert place*;
 All that I *saw*, and part of which I *was*;
 Not ev'n the *hardest* of our *foes* could hear,
 Nor *stern Ulysses* tell without a *tear*.——

'Twas

* Attention.—Slow.

† Respect.

‡ Grief.—Right hand on the breast.

* 'Twas now the *dead of night*, when *sleep repairs*
 Our *bodies worn* with *toils*, our *minds* with *cares*,
 When *Hector's ghost* before my *light appears*;
Shrouded in blood he *stood*, and *bath'd in tears*,
 Such as when by the *fierce Pelides slain*,
 Theſſalian courſers *dragg'd* him o'er the *plain*.
Swoln were his *feet*, as when the *thongs* were *thruſt*
 Thro' the *pierc'd limbs*: his *body black* with *dust*.
 Unlike that *Hector*, who *return'd* from *toils*
 Of *war triumphant* in *Æacian ſpoils*;
 † Or *him*, who made the *fainting Greeks retire*,
Hurling ‡ *amidſt* their *fleets* the *Phrygian fire*.
 § His *hair and beard* were *clotted ſtiff* with *gore*;
 The *ghaſtly wounds*, he for his *country bore*,
 Now *ſteam'd aſreſh*.

I *wept* to ſee the *viſionary man*,
 And whiſt my *trance continued*, thus began.

|| O *light of Trojans*, and *ſupport of Troy*,
 Thy *father's champion*, and thy *country's joy*!
 O *long-expected* by thy *friends*! from *whence*
 Art thou ſo *late return'd* to our *defence*?

Alas!

* Horror.

† Courage.

‡ Expreſſed by throwing out the arm, with the action of
 hurling.

§ Pity.

|| Open the arms with the action of welcoming.

*Alas! what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly honours of thy face?*

* *The spectre, groaning from his inmost breast,
This warning in these mournful words express'd:
† Haste, goddess-born! Escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd our wall;
Troy not from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
Enough to country, and to deathless fame.
If by a mortal arm my father's throne
Could have been sav'd,—THIS ARM the feat had
done.*

*Troy now commends to thee her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate.
Under their umbrage hope for happier walls,
And follow where thy various fortune calls.*

‡ *He said, and brought from forth the sacred
choir,*

The gods, and relicks of th' immortal fire.

§ *Now peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.*

The

* Horror.

† The ghost's speech to be spoken in a deep and hollow voice.—Slow and solemn.

‡ The voice now resumes its usual key.

§ Trepidation.

The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, embosom'd close with wood:
 Louder and louder still, I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
 Fear broke my slumbers.

I mount the terrass: thence the town survey,
 And listen what the swelling sounds convey.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd,
 And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd.
 The palace of Deiphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
 With splendors not their own, and shine with
 sparkling light.

New clamours, and new clangors now arise,
 The trumpet's voice, with agonizing cries.
 * With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.
 But first to gather friends, with whom t' oppose,
 If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes,
 By courage rous'd, by love of country fir'd,
 With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
 Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the
 flame.

With

* Courage.

With *relics loaded*, to my *doors* he *fled*,
And by the hand his *tender grandson* led.

* *What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run?*
Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?

Scarce had I *spoke*, when Pantheus, with a *groan*,
† *Troy*—is no *more*! Her *glories* now are *gone*.
The *fatal day*, th' *appointed hour* is *come*,
When *wrathful Jove's* *irrevocable doom*
Transfers the Trojan state to *Grecian hands*:
Our *city's* *wrapt in flames*: the *foe* *commands*.
‡ To *several posts* their *parties* they *divide*;
Some *block the narrow streets*; some *scour the wide*.
The *bold* they *kill*; th' *unwary* they *surprize*;
Who *fights* meets *death*, and *death* finds him who
flies.——

* Questioning.

† Grief.—This short sentence will receive additional force by a pause, the length of a semicolon, between the nominative case and verb.

‡ Horror.

LESSON

L E S S O N VI.

Achilles having retired from the Grecian Army in Disgust, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, with other Grecian Princes, to endeavour to bring him back again with his Forces, and join the Allies against the Trojans.—Achilles receives them at a grand Entertainment in his Tent, when Ulysses, rising, opens the Embassy.

* **H** E A L T H to *Achilles!* *Happy* are thy
guests!

Not *those* more honour'd whom *Atrides* feasts:
 Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards;
 That *Agamemnon's* regal tent affords.

† But greater cares sit heavy on our souls;
 Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear.
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands.

D

Troy,

* Submission.

† Anxiety.

*Troy, and her sons, for ready vengeance call :
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall.
 Hear how with shouts their conquests they proclaim,
 And point at every ship the vengeful flame.*

** For them the Father of the gods declares ;
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs ;
 † See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !
 All human force the raging chief defies ;
 What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his
 eyes !*

*He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
 ‡ Return, Achilles ! O return, tho' late,
 To save the Greeks, and stop the course of fate ;
 If in that heart or grief, or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem ; ah yet to conquer rise.
 The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.*

Ulysses continues, by laying before Achilles
 the Offers Agamemnon had authorized
 him to make, if he would return to their
 Army ; which Achilles resolutely rejects
 in the following Answer.

— ULYSSES !

* Awe.

† Terror.

‡ Beseeching.

————— * ULYSSES ! ——— hear
 A *faithful speech*, that knows nor *art*, nor *fear*.
 What in my *secret soul* is *understood*,
 My *tongue* shall *utter*, and my *deeds* make good.
 Let *Greece* then *know*, my *purpose* I *retain*,
 Nor with *new treaties* vex my *peace* in *vain*.
 Long *toils*, long *perils* in their *cause* I *bore* :
 But *now* th' *unfruitful glories* charm no *more*.
 Fight, or not fight, a *like reward* we *claim* ;
 The *wretch* and *hero* find their *prize* the *same* ;
 Alike *regretted*, in the *dust* he *lies*,
 Who *yields ignobly*, or who *bravely dies*.
 Of all my *dangers*, all my *glorious pains*,
 A *life of labours* ! lo, what *fruit remains* !—
 As the *bold bird* her *helpless young* attends,
 From *danger* guards them, and from *want* de-
 fends ;
 In search of *prey*, she *wings* the *spacious air*,
 And with *untasted food* supplies her *care* :
 For *thankless Greece* such *hardships* have I *brav'd*,
 Her *matrons*, and her *tender infants* sav'd ;
 Long *sleepless nights* in *heavy arms* have *stood*,
 And spent *laborious days* in *dust* and *blood*.
 I sack'd *twelve ample cities* on the *main*,
 And *twelve* lay *smoking* on the *Trojan plain*.

D 2

Then

* Firmness.

Then at *Atrides'* haughty feet were laid,
 The *wealth* I gather'd, and the *spoils* I made.
 Your *mighty monarch* these in peace possess;
 Some *few* my *soldiers* had; himself the rest.
Wrong'd in my love, all *proffers* I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not *KINGS* again.
 Ye have my answer:—what remains to do,
 * Your king, *Ulysses*, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence *this arm* can make?
 Has he not walls, no human force can shake?
 Has he not *fenc'd* his guarded navy round
 With *piles*, with *ramparts*, and a *trench* pro-
 found?

And will not *these*, the *wonders* he has done,
 Repel the rage of *Priam's* single son?

† There was a time, ('twas when for Greece I
 fought)

When *Heſter's* prowess no such wonders wrought.
 He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' vengeance at the *Scæan* gate.

‡ But now those dreadful contests are no more.
To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore;
 Then shall ye see our *parting* vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the *Hellepont* resound.

Then

* Sneer. † Self Commendation. ‡ Resolution.

Then *tell* your *king*, that *all* the *Greeks* may *hear*,
 And learn to *scorn* the man they *basely* *fear*.
 (For, arm'd in *impudence*, mankind he *braves*,
 And meditates new *cheats* on all his *slaves* ;
 Tho' *shameless* as he is, to meet these *eyes*,
 Is what he *dares not* : if he dares, he *dies*.)
Tell him, *all terms*, *all commerce* I *decline*,
 Nor *share* his *counsels*, nor his *battles* join :
 For, *once* *deceiv'd* were *his* ; but *twice* were *mine*. }

L E S S O N VII.

T H E C A M E L I O N .

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark ;
 With eyes that hardly serv'd, at most,
 To guard their master 'gainst a post :
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen ;
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times pertter than before ;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop :

“ Sir,

“ Sir,—if my judgment you’ll allow,
“ I’ve seen,—and, sure, I ought to know;”—
So begs you’d pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o’er Arabia’s wilds they pass’d,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talk’d of this, and then of that,
Discours’d a-while, ’mongst other matter,
Of the Camelion’s form and nature.

“ A stranger animal,” cries one,
“ Sure never liv’d beneath the sun :
“ A lizard’s body, lean and long,
“ A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue ;
“ Its tooth with tripple claw disjoin’d ;
“ And what a length of tail behind !
“ How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
“ Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”—

“ Hold there,” the other quick replies,
“ ’Tis green ; I saw it with these eyes,
“ As late with open mouth it lay,
“ And warm’d it in the sunny ray ;
“ Stretch’d at its ease, the beast I view’d,
“ And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I’ve seen it, Sir, as well as you,
“ And must again affirm it blue :

“ At

- “ At leifure I the beaft furvey’d,
“ Extended in the cooling fhade.”
“ ’Tis green, ’tis green, Sir, I affure ye”——
“ Green!” cries the other in a fury ;
“ Why, Sir,—d’ye think I’ve loft my eyes?”
“ ’Twere no great lofs,” the friend replies ;
“ For if they always ferve you thus,
“ You’ll find them but of little ufe.”

So high at laft the conteft rofe,
From words they almoft came to blows ;
When, luckily, came by a third ;—
To him the queftion they referr’d,
And begg’d he’d tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

- “ Sirs,” cries the umpire, “ ceafe your pother ;
“ The creature’s neither one nor t’ other.
“ I caught the animal laft night,
“ And view’d it o’er by candle-light :
“ I mark’d it well ;—’twas black as jet.
“ You ftare ; but, Sirs, I’ve got it yet,
“ And can produce it.”——“ Pray, Sir, do ;
“ I’ll lay my life, the thing is blue.”

“ And I’ll be fworn, that, when you’ve feen
“ The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.”

“ Well, then, at once to eafe the doubt,”
Replies the man, “ I’ll turn him out ;

“ And

“ And when before your eyes I’ve set him,
 “ If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat him.”

He said; then full before their sight
 Produc’d the beast, and lo!—’twas **WHITE**.—
 Both star’d; the man look’d wond’rous wise:—

“ My children,” the Camelion cries,
 (Then first the creature found a tongue)

“ You all are right, and all are wrong:—

“ When next you talk of what you *view*,

“ Think others see, as well as you;

“ Nor wonder, if you find that none

“ Prefers your eye-sight to his own.

L E S S O N VIII.

SELIM, or the SHEPHERD’S MORAL.

Scene, a Valley near BAGDAT; Time, the
 Morning.

[COLLINS.]

YE Persian maids, attend your poet’s lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden
 days:

Not all are blest, whom fortune’s hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
 Well

Well may your hearts believe the truth I tell !
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd :
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride ;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets
away ;

By Tigris' wand'ring waves he sat, and sung
Thus useful lesson to the fair and young.
Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
(Well may they please) the morals of my song :
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts the peopled world around.
The morn that lights you, to your love supplies
Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes :
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And your's the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heav'n can grant the fair !
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display ;

Drawn from the deep, we own their surface bright ;
 But dark within they drink no lustrous light :
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they
 boast,

By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 Self flatt'ring sex ! your hearts believe in vain,
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the
 swain ;

Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin :
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care,
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
 Each tender passion man delights to find,
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind !
 Bless'd were the days, when wisdom held her
 reign,

And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
 With truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal truth, and daughters bless'd their love.
 O haste, fair maids ! ye virtues, come away,
 Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way !
 The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind' excell'd, or Araby, no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 The dear deserters shall return again.

Come

Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are
clear,

To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :

Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,

And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.

With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,

Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;

But man the most.—Not more the mountain doe

Holds the swift faulcon for her deadly foe.

Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew ;

A silken veil conceals her from the view.

No wild desires amidst thy train be known,

But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone ;

Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,

And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;

And Love the last : by these your hearts approve,

These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,

The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay :

Dear to the plains, the virtues came along ;

The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

L E S S O N IX.

The MAN, the BOY, and the ASS.

ONCE on a time, a son and fire, we're told,
 (The stripling tender, and the father old)
 Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
 To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware.
 But as the sluggish animal was weak,
 They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would
 break :

Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
 And thro' the gazing croud attempts to pass.
 Forth from the throng, the grey beards hobble out,
 And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout :

" This the respect to rev'rend age you shew ?

" And this the duty you to parents owe ?

" He beats the hoof, while you are set astride ;

" Sirrah ! get down, and let your father ride."

As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
 The decent, duteous youth resign'd his place. *

Then a fresh murmur thro' the rabble ran,
 Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man :

" Sure never was a brute so void of nature ;

" Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?

" To

" To your own baby can you be unkind?—

*" Here,—SUKK, BILL, BETTY,—put the child
" behind."*

Old dample, next, the clown's compassion claim'd;

" 'Tis wonderous these boobies been't asham'd,

" Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast!

" They might as well have carry'd him at least."

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,

Disinount, and bear the ass.—Then what a noise!

Huzza, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,

From the yet silent fire these words provoke:

" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;

" VAIN HIS ATTEMPTS, WHO STRIVES TO

" PLEASE THEM ALL.

L E S S O N X.

T H E C O U N T R Y B O Y.

A Prologue, written by Mr. GARRICK.

————— M E A S T E R ! M e a s t e r !

Is not my Measter here among you, pray?

Nay, speak!—My Measter wrote this fine new
play.

The

The actor folks are making such a clatter !
 They want the Pro-log ;——I know nought o' th'
 matter.

He must be there among you ;—look about ;—
A weezer,—pale-fac'd man ; do find him out.
 Pray, Measter, come,—or all will fall to shame ;
 Call Mifter——hold—I must not tell his name.
 Law ! what a croud is here ! What noise and
 pother !

Fine lads and lasses, one o' top o' t' other !
 [Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.]

I could for ever here with wonder gaze ;
 I ne'er saw church so full in all my days.
 Your sarvant, Surs !—What do you laugh for ?
 Eh ?——

You donna take me, sure, for one o' th' play.
 You should not flout an honest country lad ;
 You think me fool, and I think you half mad !
 You're all as strange as I, and stranger too ;
 And if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

[Laughing.]

I donna like your London tricks, not I ;——
 And since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you
 why :

And if you wull, now since I am before ye,
 For want of Pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great :
But, troth, I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en ;
I like it not :—wou'd I were home again !—

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation ;
A round big man ;—he eat a plaguy deal :
Zooks ! he'd have beat five plowmen at a meal.
But long with him I could not make abode,
For (cou'd you think 't ?) he eat a great sea-toad :
It came from Indies,—'twas as big as me,
He call'd it—Belly-patch and Cap-a-pee.
Law ! how I star'd !—Who knows, but I,
For want of monsters, may be made a pye !
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to home and country fare again.

I left *Toad-eater* ; then I serv'd a Lord,
And there they promise, but ne'er keep their word.
While 'mong the great, this geaming work the
trade is ;

They mind no more poor sarvants, than their
ladies.

A Lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith :—but, troth, I thought her
mad ;

She turn'd the world top down, as I may say ;
She chang'd the day to neet,—the neet to day.

One

One day I flood with coach,—and did but sloop
To put the foot-board down, when with her hoop
She cover'd me all over.—“*Where are you, Lout?*”

“*Here, Madam; for heav'n's sake let me out.*”

I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gears so short, so low her stays! }
Fine folks shew all for nothing now-a-days!—

Now I'm the poet's mon:—I find with wits
There's nothing fartain:—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals indeed are slender;—but what of that?
There are but three on 's, *Measter, I, and cat.*
Did you but see us all,—as I'm a finner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.
My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But should you find that all our swans are geese,
E' feck I'll trust no more to Measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

L E S S O N XI.

The D O G and the F O X.

[G A Y .]

A Shepherd's dog, unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts:
Among the rest, a fox he knew;
By frequent chat, their friendship grew.

Says

Says Reynard,—“ ’Tis a cruel case,
“ That man should stigmatize our race ;
“ No doubt, among us rogues you find,
“ As among dogs, and human kind :
“ And yet (unknown to me and you)
“ There may be honest men and true.
“ Thus slander tries, whate’er it can,
“ To put us on the foot with man :
“ Let my own actions recommend,
“ No prejudice can blind a friend.
“ You see me free from all disguise ;
“ My honour, as my life, I prize.”
By talk, like this, from all mistrust
The dog was cur’d, and thought him just.—

As on a time the fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth ;
Sudden he stopp’d, and cock’d his ear,
Low dropp’d his bushy tail with fear :
“ Bless us ! the hunters are abroad !
“ What’s all that clatter on the road ?”—
“ Hold,” says the dog, “ we’re safe from harm,
“ ’Twas nothing but a false alarm ;
“ At yonder town ’tis market day,
“ Some farmer’s wife is on the way :
“ ’Tis so, (I know her pye-ball’d mare)
“ Dame Dobbins with her poultry ware.”

F

Reynard

Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This sneer
 " From you I little thought to hear :
 " Your meaning in your looks I see ;
 " Pray, what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me ?
 " Did I e'er make her poultry thinner ?
 " Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."

" Friend," quoth the Cur, " I meant no harm ;
 " Then why so captious ? why so warm ?
 " My words, in common acceptation,
 " Could never give this provocation ;
 " No LAMB (for ought I ever knew)
 " May be more innocent than you."

At this gall'd Reynard winch'd, and swore,
 Such language ne'er was giv'n before.

" What's lamb to me ?—The faucy hint
 " Shews me, base knave, which way you squint.
 " If t' other night your master lost
 " Three lambs, am I to pay the cost ?
 " Your vile reflections would imply,
 " That I'm the thief :—you dog, you lie."
 " Thou knave, thou fool, (the dog reply'd)
 " The name is just, take either side ;
 " Thy guilt these applications speak,
 " Sirrah ! 'tis conscience makes you squeak."

So saying, on the fox he flies ;
 The self-convicted felon dies.

LESSON

L E S S O N XII.

ANTONY'S Funeral Oration over CÆSAR'S
Body.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

FRIENDS—Romans—Countrymen, lend me
your ears :

I come to *bury* Cæsar, not to *praise* him.

The *evil* that men do, lives after them,

The *good* is oft interred with their bones.

So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously has Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me,

But Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,—
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutusf says,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin, there, with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now:
 You all do know this mantle; I remember
 The first time Cæsar ever put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.——
 Look, in *this* place ran Cassius' dagger through!—
 See, what a *rent* the *envious* Casca made!—
 Through *this* the *well beloved* Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark,

Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O ye gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him.
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty
heart:

And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell!
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen!—
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops;
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends,—sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To any sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That

That made them do it; they are wise and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reason, answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

I am no orator, as Brutus is :

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That loves my friend ; and that they know full
well,

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on,

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,

Shew your sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor,
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

L E S S O N XIII.

The Young Lady and Looking-Glass.

[WILKIE.]

THERE was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Restive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will she minded, but her own;
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a feat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.

Papa all softer arts had try'd,
And sharper remedies apply'd;
But both were vain, for every course
He took still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit;
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue:—
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,

To

To practise little airs, unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen :
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid ;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might shew her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd ;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking-glass atchiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice :
So when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.
Thus, Fable to the human kind
Presents an image of the mind :
It is a mirror, where we spy
At large our own deformity ;
And learn of course those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

LESSON

L E S S O N XIV.

A HYMN ON GRATITUDE.

[ADDISON.]

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

G

V. Unnum-

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Thro' all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!



L E S S O N XV.

An ELEGY written in a Country
Church-Yard.

[GRAY.]

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can

Can storied urn, or animating bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may rest,
Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their

4
Their lot forbad : nor circumfcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And fhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The strugg'ling pangs of confcious truth to hide,
To quench the blufhes of ingenuous fhame,
Or heap the fhrine of luxury and pride
With incenfe kindled at the mufe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their fober wifhes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool fequefter'd vale of life
They kept the noifelefs tenor of their way.

Yet, ev'n thefe bones from insult to proteét,
Some frail memorial ftill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and fhapelefs fculture
deck'd,

Implores the paffing tribute of a figh.

Their name, their years, fpelt by th' unletter'd mufe,
The place of fame and elegy fupply :
And many a holy text around the ftrews,
That teach the ruftic moralift to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulnefs a prey,
This pleafing anxious being e'er refign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caft one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 ' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes it's old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ' And ~~fore~~ upon the brook that babbles by.
 ' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 ' One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
 ' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

' The

- ' The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 ' Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 ' borne.
 ' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

T H E E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear ;
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
 Friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

L E S S O N XVI.

The GARLAND.

[PRIOR.]

THE pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;
 And every nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay,
 Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past,
 She chang'd her look; and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any muse's tongue could speak;

When

When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour : pr'ythee tell,
That falling tear—what does it mean ?

She sigh'd ; she smil'd ; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said :
See ! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made !

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty, are but one :
At morn both flourish, bright and gay ;
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd :
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow !
Go, Damon, bid thy muse declare
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

L E S S O N XVII.

The M A N of R O S S.

[P O P E .]

BUT all our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross!
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
 brow?

From the dry rock who bad the waters flow;
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?
 Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is any sick? The Man of Rofs relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives,
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an useless race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
O say! what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays!

And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

L E S S O N XVIII.

EDWIN and EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n,
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains;
That sun, which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair:

Till

L E S S O N S.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art,
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

Her sister, who like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown, at last,
He sternly disapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove ;
His heart, which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moon-light shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd ; but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.

She

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she !)
Forbad what EMMA came to say,
My EDWIN, live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless went
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling steps,
Her aged mother's door ;
He's gone, she cry'd, and I shall see
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side :
 From her white arm down sunk her head,
 She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

L E S S O N XIX.

T H E H E R M I T.

[PARNELL.]

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the chryſtal well :
 Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
 Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praife.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
 Seem'd heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe ;
 That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway :
 His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
 And all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt.

So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
 Calm nature's image on its watry breaſt,

Down

Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side ;
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right ;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass :
But when the Southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
And, Hail, my son ! the rev'rend sire reply'd.
Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd.

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides with
grass. —

It chanc'd, the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from the thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
'Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.

Then

Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
His *Cup* was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner shew'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the *Miser's* heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;

The

The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
 Bread of the coarser sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine:
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In every settling feature of his face!
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That *Cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before;
 And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;

A fresher

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought :
His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie ;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.

He

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread;
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors! what! his only son!

How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads; a servant shew'd the way:
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild,

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind:
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky:—
Nay, cease to kneel;—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

K

The

The Maker justly claims that world he made;
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes!
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The *Great, Vain Man*, who far'd on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his iv'ry-stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
 Has, with the *Cup*, the graceless custom lost;
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *Wretch*, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor;
 With him I left the Cup, to teach his mind
 That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus

Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious Friend* in virtue trod,
But now the *Child* half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false *Servant* sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal;
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring, as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done!
 Then gladly turning, fought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

L E S S O N XX.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

[POPE.]

Deo Opt. Max.

FATHER of All! in every age,
 In every clime ador'd,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd,
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid, when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

L E S S O N XXI.

La Laitière & le Pot-au-Lait.

[F O N T A I N E .]

PERRETE sur sa tête ayant un pot-au-lait,
Bien posé sur son couffinet,
Prétendoit arriver sans encombre à la ville.
Légère & court-vetue ; elle alloit à grands pas ;
Ayant mis ce jour-là pour être plus agile
Cotillon simple & fouliers plats.
Notre laitière ainsi troussée
Comptoit déjà dans sa pensée,
Tout le prix de son lait, en employoit l'argent :
Achetoit un cent d'œufs, faisoit triple couvée ;
La chose alloit à bien par son soin diligent.
Il m'est, disoit-elle, facile
D'élever des poulets autour de ma maison ;
Le Renard sera bien habile,
S'il ne m'en laisse assez pour avoir un cochon :
Le porc à s'engraïsser coutera peu de son ;
Il étoit quand je l'eus de grosseur raisonnable ;
J'aurai, le revendant, de l'argent bel & bon ;
Et qui m'empêchera de mettre en notre étable,
Vû le prix dont il est, one vache & son veau,
Que je verrai sauter au milieu du troupeau ?

Perrete

Perrete là dessus faite auffi transportée ;
 Le lait tombe, adieu Veau, vache, cochon, couvée.
 La Dame de ces biens, quittant d'un œil mari
 Sa fortune ainfi répandue,
 Va s'excuser à son mari,
 En grand danger d'être battuë.
 Le récit en farce en fut fait,
 On l'appella le pot-au-lait.

L E S S O N XXII.

L E C A M E L E O N.

[LA MOTHE.]

DEUX de ces gens coureurs du monde,
 Qui n'ont point assez d'yeux & qui voudroient
 tout voir ;
 Qui pour dire, j'ai vu, je le dois bien favoir,
 Feroient vingt fois toute la terre ronde :
 Deux voyageurs, n'importe de leur nom,
 Chemin faifant dans les champs d'Arabie
 Raifonnoient du Caméléon.
 L'animal fingulier ! difoit l'un ; de ma vie
 Je n'ai vu fon pareil ; fa tête de poiffon,

Son

Son petit corps léfard, avec sa longue queue,
Ses quatre pattes à trois doigts,
Son pas tardif, à faire un toise par mois,
Par dessus-tout sa couleur bleue. —
Halte-là, dit l'autre ; il est verd ;
De mes deux yeux, je l'ai vû tout à l'aise
Il étoit au soleil, & le gosier ouvert,
Il prenoit son repas d'air pur. — Ne vous déplaîse,
Reprit l'autre, il est bleu ; je l'ai vû mieux que
vous,

Quoique ce fût à l'ombre : il est verd ; bleu, vous
dis-je :

Démenti ; puis injure ; alloient venir les coups,
Lorsqu'il arrive un Tiers. Eh ! Messieurs, quel
vertige !

Holà donc, calmez-vous un peu.
Volontiers, dit l'un d'eux, mais jugez la querelle
Sur le Caméléon ; sa couleur, quelle est elle ?
Monsieur veut qu'il soit verd ; moi, je dis qu'il
est bleu.

Soyez d'accord, il n'est ni l'un, ni l'autre,
Dit le grave arbitre ; il est noir,
A la chandelle, hier au soir,
Je l'examinai bien ; je l'ai pris, il est nôtre ;
Et je le tiens encor dans mon mouchoir.
Non, disent nos mutins, non je puis vous répondre

L

Qu'il

Qu'il est verd ; qu'il est bleu ; j'y donnerois mon
sang.

Noir, insiste le juge ; alors pour les confondre,
Il ouvre le mouchoir, & l'animal fort blanc.

Voilà trois étonnés, les plaideurs & l'arbitre ;

Ne l'étoient-ils pas à bon titre ?

Allez enfans, allez, dit le Caméléon ;

Vous avez tous tort & raison.

Croyez qu'il est des yeux aussi bons que les vôtres ;

Dites vos jugemens, mais ne soyez pas fous

Jusqu'à vouloir y soumettre les autres.

Tout est Caméléon pour vous.

L E S S O N XXIII.

Le Roi & le GUEUX.

[Mr. BRET.]

UN Sultan passoit, sans rougir

La nuit dans la débauche & le jour à dormir,

Quand au plaisir de boire, je me livre

Mon doux espoir, disoit-il, c'est d'être ivre ;

C'est un état délicieux pour moi.

Un Gueux l'entend, & lui dit par ma foi ;

Nous

Nous nous ressemblons l'un & l'autre,
Je m'enivre aussi comme un Roi;
C'est mon plaisir Mignon, ainsi qu'il est le vôtre.
Bien loin de s'indigner de la comparaison,

Le Sultan aussitôt ordonne,
Que de sa part son trésorier lui donne,
De l'Or, des habits à foison.
Les va-t-il conserver? Oh! non;
Le Tavernier qui le rançonne
Coule bientôt la bourse à fond;
Et revoilà notre ivrogne à l'aumône.
L'Argent entre les mains d'un Gueux,
Dit l'auteur qui me sert de guide,
La patience au cœur d'un amoureux,
L'eau dans un crible, ont un penchant rapide;
Tout cela fuit en un instant, ou deux.
Le Sultan qui le voit sitôt dans l'indigence,
S'indigne, & veut qu'on l'ôte de ses yeux.

Mais son Vizir judicieux,
Lui fait suspendre l'ordonnance.
Prince, dit-il, il vaudroit mieux penser

A profiter de l'aventure.
Aux indigens donnez avec mesure;
Mais gardez-vous de les chasser.

L E S S O N XXIV.

L' AVEUGLE.

[Mr. BRET.]

LE Dos Courbé sous une charge d'eau,
Un Aveugle marchoit dans une nuit obscure
Tenant à sa main un flambeau ;
Oh ! c'est démence toute pure,
Dit un passant, bon homme, à quel propos
Vous éclairer ? Quelle en est donc la cause ?
Et le jour & la nuit sont pour vous même chose ;
C'est pour nous que sont faits lanternes & falots ;
Votre dépense est au moins superflue.
Non, dit l'Aveugle, elle empêche les fots
De venir se briser contre moi dans la rue.

L E S S O N XXV.

LE PERE AVARE.

[Mr. BRET.]

UN Pere avare avoit son fils malade ;
Il consultoit les Docteurs ses amis.
L'un d'entr'eux pour guérir ce fils,
Très gravement lui persuade,

Ou

Ou d'immoler trois taureaux sur le champ,
(A son avis pratique la plus fûre.)
Ou d'aller lire à coté du mourant
Six chapitres de l'Ecriture.
Ah! grand merci, dit le Pere en fuyant,
Je vais lui faire la lecture.

L E S S O N XXVI.

Epitre à mon Habit.

[Mr. SEDAINÉ.]

AH! mon Habit, que je vous remercie!
Que je valûs hier, grace à votre valeur!
Je me connois; & plus je m'apprécie,
Plus j'entrevois qu'il faut que mon tailleur,
Par un secret magie,
Ait caché dans vos plis un talisman vainqueur,
Capable de gagner & l'esprit & le cœur.
Dans ce cercle nombreux de bonne Compagnie,
Quels honneurs je reçus! quels égards! quel
accueil!
Auprès de la Maitresse, & dans un grand fauteuil,
Je ne vis que des yeux toujours prêts à sourire;
J'eus le droit d'y parler, & parler sans rien dire.

Cette

Cette Femme à grands falbalas,
Me consulta sut l'air de son visage ;
Un Robin sur des Opéras,
Un Blondin sur un mot d'usage ;
Ce que je décidai, fût le *nec plus ultra*.
On applaudit à tout : j'avois tant de génie !
Ah ! mon Habit, que je vous remercie !
C'est vous qui me valez cela.
De complimens, bons pour une Maitresse,
Un petit Maître m'accabla ;
Et pour m'exprimer sa tendresse.
Dans ces propos guindés, me dit tout Angola.
Se Poupin à simple tonsure,
Qui ne songe qu'à vivre, & ne vit que pour soi,
Oùblia quelque temp son rabat, sa figure,
Pour ne s'occuper que de moi :
Ce Marquis, autre fois mon ami de Collège,
Me reconnut enfin, & du premier coup d'œil,
Il m'accorda par privilège,
Un tendre embrassement qu'approuvoit son orgueil :
Ce qu'une liaison dès l'enfance établie,
Ma probité, dès mœurs que rien ne dérégla,
N'eussent obtenu de ma vie,
Votre aspect seul me l'attira.
Ah ! mon Habit, que je vous remercie !
C'est vous qui me valez cela.

Mais

Mais ma surprise fût extrême ;
Je m'apperçûs que sur moi-même
Le charme sans doute opéroit.
J'entrois jadis d'un air discret ;
Ensuite suspendu sur le bord de ma chaise,
J'écoutois en silence, & ne me permettois
Le moindre *Si*, le moindre *Mais*.
Avec moi tout le Monde étoit fort à son aise,
Et moi je ne l'étois jamais.
Un rien auroit pû me confondre,
Un regard, tout m'étoit fatal ;
Je ne parlois bas, je parlois mal.
Un sot provincial arrivé par le coche,
Eut été moins que moi tourmenté dans sa peau.
Je me mouchois presqu'au bord de ma poche,
J'èternuois dans mon chapeau.
On pouvoit me priver, sans aucune indécence,
De ce salut que l'usage introduit ;
Il n'en coûtoit de révérence
Qu'à quelqu'un trompé par le bruit.
Mais à présent, mon cher Habit,
Tout est de mon ressort ; les airs, la suffisance,
Et ces tons décidés qu'on prend pour l'aisance,
Deviennent mes tons favoris.
Est-ce ma faute à moi, puisqu'ils sont applaudis ?
Dieu !

Dieu! quel bonheur pour moi, pour cette Etoffe,
De ne point habiter le pays limitrophe
Des conquêtes de notre Roi!

Dans la Hollande, il est une autre loi;
Envain j'étalerois ce galon qu'on renomme;
Envain j'exalterois sa valeur, son débit;
Ici l'Habit fait valoir l'Homme,
Là l'Homme fait valoir l'Habit:
Mais chez nous, Peuple aimable, où les graces,
l'esprit,
Brillent à présent dans leur force,
L'arbre n'est point jugé sur les fleurs, ou son fruit;
On le juge sur son Ecorce.

L E S S O N XXVII.

ÉPITRE A L'AMITIE.

[LE MARQUIS DE ST. AULAIRE.]

DIVINITE, dont les traits délicats
Font reconnoître l'air de ton aveugle frere;
Mais qui joins à tous ses appas,
Les yeux clairs & fereins de ta céleste mere;
Tendre

Tendre amitié, doux asyle des cœurs,
C'est à toi que je sacrifie :
Si l'Amour nous donne la vie,
Toi seule en donnes les douceurs.
Qu'un insensé porté à ce Dieu cruel
Le sacrifice de ses larmes ;
Que d'un cœur déchiré de chagrins & d'alarmes
Il aille parer son Autel ;
S'il en obtient une Couronne,
Il ignore quel prix elle doit lui coûter.
Ta libéralité nous donne
Les biens que ce tyran nous fait trop acheter.
Quand les appas d'une douce union ,
Nous engagent sous ton Empire,
Ils ne viennent pas nous séduire
Par une courte illusion.
Chez toi la vertu, le mérite,
Nous découvrent toujours mille nouveaux attraits ;
Chez-toi les vrais plaisirs sont toujours à la suite
De l'innocence, & de la paix.
En amour tout est imposture ;
Jusqu'au silence tout y ment :
Ce qui pour l'un est siècle, est pour l'autre un
moment.
Tout s'y donne à fausse mesure.
Chez-toi la vérité fait entendre sa voix ;

Sa lumière nous sert de guide ;
 Sur nos goûts la raison décide,
 Et le temps respecte son choix.
 Au joug d'airain deux cœurs assujettis,
 Font l'un de l'autre le supplice ;
 Quand par un bizarre caprice,
 Amour les a fait assortis.
 Sous les aimables loix dont l'amitié nous lie ;
 Et les biens & les maux, tout doit se partager :
 Mais quel partage heureux ! le bien s'y multiplie,
 Et le mal y devient léger.

L E S S O N XXVIII.

MORT DE COLIGNI.

[VOLTAIRE.]

DEJA des assassins la nombreuse cohorte,
 Du falon qui l'enferme alloit briser la porte ;
 Il leur ouvre lui-même, & se montre à leurs yeux,
 Avec cet œil ferein, ce front majestueux,
 Tel que dans les combats, maître de son courage,
 Tranquille il arrêtoit, où pressoit le carnage.
 A cet air vénérable, à cet auguste aspect
 Les meurtriers surpris sont saisis de respect ;

Une

Une force inconnuë a suspendu leur rage.
Compagnons, leur dit-il, achevez votre ouvrage,
Et de mon sang glacé fouillez ces cheveux blancs,
Que le sort des combats respecta quarante ans ;
Frappez, ne craignez rien, Coligni vous pardonne ;
Ma vie est peu de chose & je vous l'abandonne.—
J'eusse aimé mieux la perdre en combattant pour
vous.——

Ces tigres à ces mots tombent à ses genoux ;
L'un saisi d'épouvante abandonne ses armes ;
L'autre embrasse ses pieds qu'il trempe de ses
larmes ;

Et de ses assassins, ce grand Homme entouré,
Sembloit un Roi puissant par son Peuple adoré,
Besme, qui dans la Cour attendoit sa victime,
Monte, accourt, indigné qu'on diffère son crime.
Des assassins trop lents, il veut hâter les ceups ;
Aux pieds de ce Héros, il les voit trembler tous,
A cet objet touchant lui seul est inflexible ;
Lui seul à la pitié toujours inaccessible,
Auroit crû faire un crime & trahir Medicis,
Si du moindre remords il se sentoit surpris.
A travers les soldats il court d'un pas rapide ;
Coligny l'attendoit d'un visage intrépide :
Et bientôt dans le flanc ce monstre furieux
Lui plonge son épée en détournant les yeux,

De peur que d'un coup d'œil cet auguste visage
Ne fit trembler son bras, & glaçât son courage.
Du plus grand des François tel fût le triste sort.

F I N.



